UC-NRLF
B 4 712 791

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

STEAMERS v. STAGES;

OR,

ANDREW AND HIS SPOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "YORK AND LANCASTER."

ILLUSTRATED WITH SIX HUMOROUS DESIGNS BY

ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.

"To be or not to be? This is the question,
Whether 'tis better to proceed by steam,
Or shape our course by land."—*Manuscript.*

LONDON:
WILLIAM KIDD, 6, OLD BOND STREET.
MDCCCXXX.

Charles Whittingham, Tooks Court,
Chancery Lane.

PR3991
A74675
1830
MAIN

957
S811

PREFACE.

PUNNING is now the order of the day. Nobility and mobility, all are punsters. Seldom do we con over the columns of a daily paper, or take a peep at the contents of a periodical or magazine, without seeing some sprightly witticism from my Lord N——, or a naïve and lively bon-mot from the Duke of ——. Even the most favorite novel-writers are not altogether free from this punning mania; and we find one of the heroes of the authors of "Pel-

M3625575

ham," in his interesting history of the "Disowned," desiring Mrs. Coperass not to be in a *stew*, because the doctors say that *coperass* in a *stew* is poison. The "Whims and Oddities," the "Epping Hunt," and the "Comic Annual," are "chefs-d'œuvre" in their way; and while we look upon Cruikshank as the most amusing caricaturist, we cannot but consider the humorous Thomas Hood as the reigning punster. It is only in humble imitation of this great master that the following little Poem is presented to the Public.

February 26, 1830.

STEAMERS, *v.* STAGES;

OR,

ANDREW AND HIS SPOUSE.

AN AQUATIC EXCURSION BY STEAM.

I.

I WANT a name—a name to give my tale,
For nameless narratives will not be read:
Books, by their titles, now succeed or fail;
And every *tale* should have a fitting *head.*

II.

List then—the *title* of my Book shall be,
Not *Sir*, nor yet *My Lord*, but an " Aquatic
Trip" to a place that borders on the sea,
But borders not on aught aristocratic.

III.

The hero of my *story*, which is *true*,
Was a free-mason of uncommon merits,
Who kept the Mason's Arms; and there were few
More *spirited* than he in selling *spirits*.

IV.

Andrew I wot, for so his name was spelt,
Was born (but this perchance you have surmised)
In London town :—in Adam Street he dwelt,
Which all Eve's sons have not *M'Adamized*.

As scaling, love impell'd, a lofty wall,
One luckless night, he fell, in vast alarm :
But caught a beam, and haply *broke* his fall,
For which his fall retorting, *broke* his arm.

V.

As scaling, love impell'd, a lofty wall,
One luckless night, he fell, in vast alarm;
But caught a beam, and haply *broke* his fall,
For which his fall retorting, *broke* his arm.

VI.

What chances may befall none may foretell;
All are the sport of destiny unknown;
Thus Andrew kept the "*Mason's Arms*" full well,
But was not able to preserve his *own*.

VII.

Still he was not discouraged, even although
His love had so unluckily began;
But taking soon a chance of joy or woe
In Hymen's lottery, *Andrew* drew forth *Ann*.

VIII.

Quiet they lived, and happily, 'tis said,
From all domestic strife and discord far;
Andrew laid down the *Law*, and Ann obey'd,
For he, she knew, was bred up to the *Bar*.

IX.

Indeed the Publican and Lawyer here
Have a profession now, which seldom fails;
This gains a livelihood by selling *beer*,
And that his fee, by other people's *ails* (ales).

X.

Quoth Andrew to his wife one summer's day:
"My dear, if you approve, I have a scheme,
To take a trip while all the world are gay,
To Margate, love, and we can go by *Steam*.

XI.

My honest cousin John, who is, you know,
A quiet kind of lad, and free from sin,
Has kindly promis'd, if we like to go,
While we are *out*, to take care of the *Inn*."

XII.

She liked his project much, but did not know
That steam was then the order of the age;
She thought they should, like Fanny Kemble, go,
Or, like the Elephant, upon the *stage*.

XIII.

Here Andrew differ'd from his quiet spouse,
Mild as she was, and gentle as he thought her;
Said he, " The *steam*, as every one allows,
Impels one far more quickly through the *water*."

XIV.

" But if the boiler burst, which much I fear,
Then we, and all the rest, in air are blown."
Quoth Andrew, " No; if that should hap, my dear,
Instead of going *up*, we shall go *down*."

XV.

" Really, my love," said Ann, " with joke and pun
You draw such scenes as surely never man drew;
And are in fact so *merry* with your fun,
That I should take you for a *Merry Andrew*."

XVI.

Now Ann still said and thought, the stage indeed
By far the best and safest plan did seem;
But Andrew rais'd his voice, so she agreed
That they through water should proceed by *steam*.

And so he fill'd his glass with *Bacchus* then,
And told the Boy to fill his pipe with *bacco.*

XVII.

Now Andrew was, as every one allow'd,
Right merry in his way, and lov'd a joke:
" Give me my pipe," cried he, in accents loud;
" We've had enough of *steam*, I'll take a *smoke*."

XVIII.

He liked his wine too, like most other men,
(At Port or Sherry how his lips would smack O!)
And so he fill'd his glass with *Bacchus* then,
And told the Boy to fill his pipe with *bacco*.

XIX.

Now by the water-side (a noted part)
A tavern stands, which men have christen'd " Ship;"
And hence 'twas needful that our friends should start,
The following day, for their intended trip.

XX.

Therefore, when Sol had risen, so had they;
For they were early, like the sun, and steady:
And when the steamboat came beside the quay,
Andrew, his luggage, and his wife, were ready.

XXI.

They'd left the Mason's Arms and cousin John;
(A worthy cousin he, they knew his merits,)
Who could not cease to grieve, since they were gone,
Nor, as the casks were low, keep up his *spirits*.

XXII.

The hour had now arrived, and all was life:
The waiter said the packet was afloat;
The bills were paid, and Andrew and his wife
Now left the *Ship*, and hasten'd to the *boat*.

The bills were paid, and Andrew and his wife
Now left the *Ship*, and hastened to the *boat*.

XXIII.

They'd no idea of such a crowd i'fecks!
When they embark'd, for no one yet had told 'em;
There were three hundred people on the decks,
The cabin and the *hold* would hardly *hold* 'em.

XXIV.

The vessel started soon—her every chink
Fill'd up with luggage, women, boys, and men;
Swiftly she cut the spray, you cannot think
What *whey* (way) she made upon the water then.

XXV.

Ah, Master Andrew! you could not divine
The woe of sailing when the wind's not aft;
Or you'd have been more *crafty*, I opine,
Than ever to have enter'd such a *craft*.

XXVI.

'Twas summer, yet the wind was passing cool;
The Captain frown'd, and look'd exceeding cross;
The vessel, like some boys I knew at school,
Was playing with the waves at *pitch and toss*.

XXVII.

There was a dandy there—you scarce could tell
It was a wig he wore; the beau did right
To go to Truefit's, for it fitted well,
All Truefit's wigs, I'm told, *fit true* and tight.

XXVIII.

And so they may, but man is never sure
Of these two things—his fortune and the wind:
Wind—when the dandy thought himself secure,
Took off his wig, and left his head behind.

XXIX.

There was too a Lieutenant of Dragoons,
Most tightly laced, although of middle age;
Who really look'd, in his tight *pantaloons*,
Just like the *Pantaloon* upon the stage.

XXX.

Old maids and older mothers, children too
Yet in the spring and innocence of life;
An aged man in black, and one in blue
Who quarrell'd all the morning with his wife.

XXXI.

" I must, my dear."—" But you shall *not*, I say,"
Retorted he with tone and aspect sour:
His tongue thus, like the vessel on her way,
Went at the rate of twenty *nots* (knots) an hour.

XXXII.

A cat and dog, like man and wife, just so—
Were growling; Pincher seized on pussy's neck,
Puss gave a scream, and running from below,
Took up her *quarters*, on the *quarter* deck.

XXXIII.

Two men were arguing, with wooden legs,
No doubt each thought the other was mistaken:
The cabin boy let fall a plate of *eggs*
And broke them all, although he saved his *bacon*.

XXXIV.

"Les deux extrêmes touchent:" that is to say,
That noblemen were there as well as rabble;
Turkeys and pigs, which chatter'd in their way,
The former "grunt," the latter "gabble, gabble."

The cabin boy let fall a plate of *eggs*
And broke them all, although he saved his *bacon*.

XXXV.

Mark me, good reader, I would not confound
Rabble with pigs, nor turkeys with a peer;
No doubt there is much difference *above ground*,
And much resemblance too,—but this seems queer.

XXXVI.

There were some ladies as it often haps,
Both plebeian and patrician—high and low—
And Andrew thought that many set their *caps*
At the young men, in hopes to catch a *beau*.

XXXVII.

There were some *butcher's* daughters, wondrous proud
Of their sweet persons; (pride I must condemn)
Who once or twice were heard to say aloud,
That nothing in the ship was *meet* for them.

XXXVIII.

There was a man who ran away from Bridewell,
And now seem'd really seeking for a Bride;
For having laid his hand upon his side well,
He vow'd himself in love with Miss Bytide.

XXXIX.

Now Miss Bytide thought it *betided* well,
When Mr. Jaylor's tender speech begun;
She did not know, for there were none to tell,
How late her Jaylor from the *jail* had run.

XL.

And so she listened with a tender smile; she,
While he was in ecstatics, seem'd in glory;
He vow'd, and vow'd, and in that little while, he
Her pocket pick'd—she pocketed his story.

XLI.

There was a sailor's widow, passing fair,
Her husband had been fam'd for gallant deeds,
But died at Navarino; she was there,
Like an ill-cultur'd garden, deck'd in *weeds*.

XLII.

It happen'd that her husband's name was Sprat,
Now she was "*embonpoint*," and Mr. Malmon,
A would-be wit, remark'd when he heard that,
That Master Sprat had fish'd, and caught a *salmon*.

XLIII.

Now the good vessel, keeping on her way,
Had one effect on Andrew and his wife;
Who were, not sick to death, as some would say—
But sick enough to make them sick of life.

XLIV.

A young West Indian, who that morn would eat
A pound of ginger, and some Guava jelly;
Was now quite sorry, and declar'd the sweet
Would not be quiet in his little belly.

XLV.

My Lord George A. could not resist the battery
Of wind and wave, but with a pallid cheek,
He threw up—nolens volens—all the flattery
His Lordship swallow'd in the previous week.

XLVI.

The music play'd, and those who upon land
Would *gallop hard* regardless of their necks,
No sooner heard, than, joining hand in hand,
They danced a *galopade* upon the decks.

XLVII.

All this to Andrew and his Spouse, I trow,
Was novelty—and yet it had no charms,
For both, before the night, were heard to vow,
They wish'd they had not left the Mason's Arms.

XLVIII.

Close to the rails they stood—and you might see
Their notions of delight began to waver;
When Andrew's wife fell over in the sea,
And might have drown'd; but Andrew shouted,
"Save her!"

XLIX.

Perhaps you think he jump'd into the water;
No, gentle reader, no; that would not do:
You might have done so for a wife or daughter,
But *you* are *one*, and *you* and *Andrew*, *two*.

L.

But some one seeing that he was no lover
Of aught save eating, drinking, and his life,
Came close behind the man and push'd him over,
With "Don't you see, you brute, go save your wife."

LI.

Just at the time a little vessel pass'd,
(Andrew had caught his wife)—it was the Percy;
The captain thought it best to put about,
And take them in, for they were crying mercy.

LII.

The steam-boat kept her way without a sail;
The steaming smoke ascended to the clouds;
The other masts were then of no avail;
But stood like dead men's corpses in their *shrouds*.

LIII.

The ship sail'd on, although the wind was bad,
Margate they made, the crew cried "That's your sort!"
The band struck up a tune, the rest were glad
As tipplers would be, to get at the *Port*.

LIV.

But Andrew and his Spouse, just as they were
About to sink, and thought that they were undone,
Got safe on board the Percy—wind was fair,
And the tight schooner sail'd away for London.

LV.

She soon arrived, of time there was no loss,
The sailors row'd them quickly to the land;
And now, five miles at least from *Charing Cross*,
Stood Andrew and his Spouse upon the *strand*.

LVI.

They hasten'd home, for home had many charms:
Thither they went, and none could well go faster;
For Andrew knew full well the Mason's *Arms*
Were always *open* to receive their master.

LVII.

They'd *seen* enough of *sea;* and their immersion
In the *salt* wave had *pickled* them so well,
They never made another sea excursion;
And therefore I've but little more to tell.

LVIII.

From that day forth, when Andrew and his wife
Disputed, which was often it would seem,
His spouse replied, "Remember, pray, my life,
That 'tis not always best *to go by steam.*"

LIX.

My tale is done.—About a week ago,
When passing through the City, I heard tell
That " Andrew and his Spouse" were dead, and so
Bow bell was tolling for this *Beau and Belle*.

MORAL.

Hereafter then, whene'er we need advice
About a journey to the East or West;
We must obey our spouses in a trice,
And *always do* what *they* imagine best.

Charles Whittingham, Tooks Court,
Chancery Lane, London.

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C055067458